THE RAMBLE:

AN ANTI-HEROICK POEM.

Together with

Some Terreſtrial Hymns and Carnal Ejaculations.

By Alexander Radcliffe, *of Greys Inn, Eſq.*

——*Semel inſanivimus omnes.*

LONDON,
Printed for the Author, and are to be ſold by *Walter Davis* in Amen Corner. 1682.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

JAMES

Lord Annesly.

My Lord,

THE onely pretence I had for making this mean Offer to your Lordship is, That your Lordship was pleas'd to excuse some of these loose Lines when

they were in ſingle Sheets: Tho I muſt confeſs I propos'd a great Advantage, knowing that they ſhall live above the reach of Cenſure under your Lordſhips Protection, not without ſome Ambition of being known to your Lordſhip by the Title of,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble and moſt Obedient Servant,

Alex. Radcliffe.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

Honeſt Reader,

IF I *thought you would not ſmile immoderately*, I *cou'd tell you, That by the Command of ſome Honourable Perſonages*, Mark ye! *and at the Requeſt of my Noble Friends*, D' ye mind me! *theſe Trifles made*

a Sally into the World, ſtept into the Light, appear'd in this undreſs, or as a Modern Author has it, was Impetuonſly Hurried into the Preſs, (by which he verified, Feſtinans Canis cœcos peperit catulos.*)*

This you know is the true Cant of many Prefacers; as who ſhould ſay, Gentlemen, my Book begs your pardon for this Intruſion. But if ſuch kind of Stuff will not paſs as an Excuſe for Publication, I'll tell ye what will; by chance I overheard an offer of ſome fooliſh Guinneys, and

when

when those Toys are propos'd, such is our Human Frailty, we consent to the printing of any thing.

I have not further to say in the behalf of this Affair, since many of these things were wrote several years ago, when Youth and too much Money represented Extravagance a Virtue.

This is the last of this nature I shall ever own; the next shall be some Remarks upon the Life and Death of a true pious Protestant Dissenter, with

the

the Excellency and Neceſſity of Perjury and Equivocation in a devout Separatiſt; and that you'll ſay is a ſerious buſineſs.

— Paulo majora canamus.

God b'ye lovingly.

The

The Bookſellers Preface to his Cuſtomers.

Obliging Gentlemen,

THE *Ingenious Author having, next to his pleaſure of writing theſe Poems, taken care to Dedicate them to a Perſon of Honour, and alſo provided an Epiſtle to the Reader, hath left me nothing to do, but for my profit to print and to ſell them. But there having been ſome part of* The Ramble *formerly printed, under the notion of a Natural Preſumptive to my Lord* Rocheſter, *for Juſtice to that Noble Lord, as alſo for defending of Liberty and Property to my Author, whoſe Right as well as my own is invaded; I reſolved to bring an* Ha-

beas

beas Corpus, *and remove* The Ramble *home again, which was ſo falſly, maliciouſly, imperfectly, and feloniouſly made publick.*

I am likewiſe to tell you, that the foreſaid Poem called The Ramble, *is here enlarged above two thirds more than heretofore you have ſeen it. I hope it will pleaſe you, good honeſt Gentile Reader; if ſo, it will ſell; and if it ſells, it will pleaſe me too; and ſo our little ſhare of the world will naturally run in a concord, without tormenting our ſelves with Fears and Jealouſies, or ſetting up for monſtrous Whigs, Tantivy Tories, Abhorring Addreſſers, or other inferiour no Proteſtant Plots and Tory Plots. For my part (Gentlemen) I am reſolved* (nemine contradicente) *to live in a whole skin ſo long as I can, hoping*

no

no Iriſhman *will make a dead blow upon me; and I do hereby promiſe upon the word of an honeſt Stationer, that I will not endeavour to alter the Government, as it is eſtabliſhed by Law either in Church or State. In fine, I am ſatisfied this Book of Poems hath no couched Treaſon in it, nor Arbitrary Power, and therefore I preſume to Print it, without ſtaying for the Suffrage of an Act of Parliament. Such as it is take it amongſt you, and ſo God bleſs you all.* Vale.

The

The Contents.

NEws from Hell Page 1

As concerning Man 9

Have a care what you do 10

A Hard Caſe 13

The Canary Miſtreſs 15

What are you mad? 17

Money's all 19

Songs Burleſqu'd or Varied.

As Amoret and Phillis ſate 21

Hail to the Myrtle Shades 22

The poor Whores Song 24

Now now the Fights done 27

Tell me deareſt 28

Mr. Drydens *Deſcription of Night* 31

Diſdain yet ſtill I will love thee 32

Now at laſt the Riddle is expounded 33

To the Tune of Per fas per nefas 34

An Epitaph upon the worthy and truly vigilant Sam. Micoe *Eſq;* 35

Upon Mr. Bennet *Procurer extraordinary* 37

To

The Contents.

To a late Scotch Tune 39

Upon a Bowl of Punch 40

Upon the Pyramid 45

Upon a ſuperannuated Couple lately married 49

On the Proteſtants Flail 51

The Narrative 52

The fourteenth Ode of the ſecond Book of Horace 56

The tenth Ode of the ſecond Book of Horace 59

Horace's *well wiſhes to a ſcurvy Poet gone to Sea,* Epode 10. in Mævium 61

A Call to the Guard by a Drum 63

Dr. Wilds *humble Thanks for His Majeſty's gracious Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience* 74

Theſe for his old Friend Dr. Wild, *Author of the Humble Thanks, &c.* 81

The Ramble 85

The Lawyers Demurrer argued 110

The Swords Farwell upon the Approach of a Michaelmaſs *Term* 116

Wrote in the Banquetting in Greys Inn Walks 121

POEMS.

39
40
43
47
51
52
56
59
61
63
74
81
85
110
116
121

POEMS.

News from Hell.

SO dark the Night was that old *Charon*
Could not carry Ghoſtly Fare-on;
But was forc'd to leave his Souls,
Stark ſtript of Bodies, 'mongſt the Shoals
Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,
Which on the Stygian Shore do lie:
Th' amazed Spirits deſire receſs
To their old batter'd Carcaſes;
But as they turn about, they find
The Night more diſmal is behind.

Pluto began to fret and fume
Becauſe the Tilt Boat did not come.

To the Shore's ſide he ſtrait way trudges
With his three Soul-cenſuring Judges,
Standing on Acherontic Strand,
He thrice three times did waft his Wand:
From gloomy Lake did ſtrait ariſe
A meager Fiend, with broad blew Eyes;
Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,
From's head there dropt Infernal Mud;
Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*
I come—— 'Tis well, quoth ſurly *Pluto*.
" Go you to t'other ſide of *Styx*,
" And know why *Charon*'s ſo prolix:
" Surely on Earth there cannot be
" A Grant of Immortality.
Away the wrigling Fiend ſoon ſcuds
Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds.

In the mean while old *Eacus*,
Craftier far than any of us;

For mortal Men to him are ſilly;
Beſides he held a League with *Lilly*;
And what is acted here does know
As well as t'other does below:
Thus ſpake, " Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,
" Who into any ſhape canſt work us;
" I to your Greatneſs ſhall declare
" My Sentiments of this Affair.
" *Charon* you know did uſe to come
" With ſome Elucid Spirit home;
" Some Poet bright, whoſe glowing Soul
" Like Torch did light him croſs the Pool:
" Old *Charon* then was blithe and merry,
" With Flame and Rhapſody in Ferry.
" Shou'd he groſs Souls alone take in,
" Laden with heavy rubbiſh Sin;
" Sin that is nothing but Allay;
" 'Tis ten to one he'd loſe his way.
" But now ſuch Wights with Souls ſo clear
" Muſt not have Damnation here;

" Nor can we hope they'l hither move,
" For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;
" They're damn'd on Earth by th' preſent Age,
" Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o'th' Stage.
" *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,
" Was damn'd long ſince for ſilence horrid:
" Nor had there been ſuch clutter made,
" But that this ſilence did invade:
" Invade! and ſo 't might well, that's clear:
" But what did it invade?——an Ear.
" And for ſome other things, 'tis true,
" We follow Fate that does purſue.

A Lord who was in Metre wont
To call a Privy Member C——
Whoſe Verſe, by Women termed lewd,
Is ſtill preſerv'd, not underſtood.
But that which made 'em curſe and ban,
Was for his Satyr againſt Man.

A third was damn'd, 'cauſe in his Plays
He thruſts old Jeſts in *Archee*'s days:
Nor as they ſay can make a *Chorus*
Without a Tavern or a Whore-houſe;
Which he to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.

A fourth for writing ſuperfine,
With words correct in every Line:
And one that does preſume to ſay,
A Plot's too groſs for any Play:
Comedy ſhould be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but Tranſlation,
From Dog and Patridge converſation.

A fifth, who does in's laſt prefer
'Bove all, his own dear Character:
And fain wou'd ſeem upon the Stage
Too Manly for this flippant Age.

A ſixth, whoſe lofty Fancy towers
'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers:
Rumbles i'th' Sky, and makes a buſtle;
So Gods meet Gods i'th dark and juſtle.

Seventh, becauſe he'd rather chuſe
To ſpoil his Verſe than tire his Muſe.
Nor will he let Heroicks chime;
Fancy (quoth he) is loſt by Rhime.
And he that's us'd to claſhing Swords
Should not delight in ſounds of words.
Mars with *Mercury* ſhould not mingle;
Great Warriours ſhou'd ſpeak big, not jingle.

Amongſt this Heptarchy of Wit,
The cenſuring Age have thought it fit
To damn a Woman, 'cauſe 'tis ſaid,
The Plays ſhe vends ſhe never made.
But that a *Greys Inn* Lawyer does 'em,
Who unto her was Friend in Boſom.

So

So not presenting Scarf and Hood,
New Plays and Songs are full as good.

These are the better sort I grant,
Damn'd onely by the Ignorant:
But still there are a scribling Fry
Ought to be damn'd eternally;
An unlearn'd Tribe, o'th' lower rate,
Who will be Poets spite of Fate;
Whose Character's not worth reciting,
They scarce can read, yet will be writing:
As t'other day a silly Oafe
Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jofe*:
Whose humble Muse descends to Cellars,
Or at the best to *Herc'les Pillars*.
Now *Charon* I presume does stop,
Expecting one of these won'd drop;
For any such Poetick Damn'd-boy
Will light him home as well as Flambeau.

Eacus just had made an end,
When did arrive the dripping Fiend,
Who did confirm the Judges speech,
That *Charon* did a Light beseech.
They fell to Consultation grave,
To find some strange enlightned Knave,
Faux had like t'have been the Spark,
But that his Lanthorn was too dark.
At last th'agreed a sullen Quaker
Should be this business Undertaker;
The fittest Soul for this exploit,
Because he had the newest Light:
Him soon from sable Den they drag,
Who of his Sufferings doth brag;
And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,
To *Charons* Vessel was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well;
This is the onely News from Hell.

As concerning Man.

TO what intent or purpoſe was Man made,
Who is by Birth to miſery betray'd?
Man in his tedeous courſe of life runs through
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, grave Diſputations, Puns,
Ill looking Citizens and ſcurvy Duns;
Inſipid Squires, fat Biſhops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthuſiaſts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
Pox, Gout, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums and Aches;
Half witted Lords, double chinn'd Bawds with Patches;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life,
A teazing Whore, and a more tedeous Wife;
Raw Inns of Court men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies robuſt, round Aldermen, and Clowns;

Gown-

Gown-men which argue, and discuss, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State;
Sure of another World, yet do not know
Whether they shall be sav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been,
Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

Have a care what you do.

I.

WHile Men endeavoured to adorn
The guilded Crest of bloudy *Mars*,
Poor Love met with contempt and scorn,
Nor had he one Rag to his Arse.

II.

His Wings were clogg'd with melting Snow,
Hardly supported by his Legs:

He

So

He had no ſtring left to his Bow,
His Arrows too had loſt their Pegs.

III.

I who had always ſeen him gay,
Wondered to find him thus diſtreſt;
I told him if with me he'd ſtay,
He might be welcom to my Breaſt.

IV.

With a faint Smile he ſhew'd his joy,
And ſoftly to his Lodgings crept,
Where ſome deſign diſturb'd the Boy,
He prattled all the time he ſlept.

V.

With a large Sigh his Soul I fill'd,
Which made a rumbling in his Guts;
Into his mouth I Tears diſtill'd,
Tears bigger far than Hazzle Nuts.

His

VI.

His ſtrength return'd to every Limb,
I let him round about me play;
I thought my ſelf ſecure of him,
Not dreaming he wou'd run away.

VII.

But this baſe perfidious Elf
Ungratefully from me did part,
Not onely ſtole away himſelf,
But took along with him my Heart.

VIII.

To *Celia* then I did repair
With peremptory Hue and Cry,
Being aſſur'd this ſtolen Ware
Muſt light into her cuſtody.

IX.

IX.

She own'd it with obſequious art,
And drew on me this dire miſhap,
'Stead of returning me my Heart
She gave me a confounded Clap.

A Hard Caſe.

WHen trembling Pris'ners ſtand at Bar
In ſtrange ſuſpence about the Verdict:
And when pronounc'd they Guilty are,
How they're aſtoniſh'd when they've heard it!

When in a Storm a Ship is toſs'd,
All ask, What does the Captain ſay?
How they bemoan themſelves as loſt,
When his Advice is onely, *Pray!*

And

And as it was my pleasing chance
To meet fair *Cælia* in a Grove;
Both Time and Place conspir'd t'advance
The innocent designs of Love.

I thought my happiness compleat,
'Twas in her power to make it so:
I ask'd her if she'd do the feat,
But (silly Soul!) she answer'd, No.

Poor Pris'ners may have mercy shewn,
And shipwreck'd men may have the luck
To see their Tempests overblown,
But *Cælia* I shall never

The

The Canary Miſtreſs.

FOndling forbear, 'tis Hereſie to think
There is a Miſtreſs equal to thy Drink;
Or if in love with any, 't muſt be rather
With that plump Girl that does call *Bacchus* Father.
Thou mayſt out-look, arm'd with her warm embrace,
Ten thouſand Volleys ſhot from Womans Face,
Who wou'd withſtand without this Aid Divine
Ten thouſand times as many Tears of thine;
As many Sighs and Prayers would be her ſport,
Exalted ſhe ſo long maintains her Fort.
But when Diviner Sack hath fir'd thy Bloud,
Creating Flames which cannot be withſtood;
To which is added Confidence as great
As his, that aim'd at *Joves* Celeſtial Seat;

Boldly

Boldly march on, not granting her the leiſure
Of Parly; 'tis the Speed augments the Pleaſure.
If ſhe cry out, with Kiſſes ſtop her Breath;
She cannot wiſh to die a better Death.
Tell her the pleaſant paſſages between
The God of War and Loves more gentle Queen.
When feeble *Vulcan* came, and in a fear
Leſt they wou'd not continue longer there,
He chain'd 'em to the ſport, with an intent
To keep ſuch Lovers for a Precedent;
Glad to behold a tempting pleaſure that
His weak Endeavours never could create.
Then ſtroke her Breaſts thoſe Mountains of Delight,
Whoſe very Touch would fire an Anchorite.
Next let thy wanton Palm a little ſtray,
And dip thy Fingers in the Milky Way:
Thus having raiz'd her, gently let her fall,
Loves Trumpets ſound, Now Mortal have at all.

A happy end thus made of all your ſport,
Lead her where every Lover ſhou'd reſort,
Where Madam *Sack*'s enthron'd, the tempting'ſt
That e'er was ſeated in a *Venice* Glaſs. (Laſs
Laſt, that this ſenſe of Pleaſure may remain,
Caſt away Thought and fall to Drink again.
Drink off the Glaſſes, ſwallow every Bowl,
And pity him that ſighs away his Soul
For that poor trifle Woman, who is mine
With one ſmall Gallon of Immortal Wine.
To get a Miſtreſs Drinking is the knack;
Love's grand exiſtence is Almighty Sack.

What are you mad?

I'LL mount my thoughts to Giant height,
I'm Conſtellation in conceit.
I'll pluck down *Sol*, and mount his Sphere;
Then ſullen *Daphne* ſhall appear,

And seeing me grasp *Phœbus* Rays,
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bays.
I'll rape the Moon, it shall be said,
Cynthia hath chang'd the name of Maid;
Her twinkling Girles shall all be ta'en,
No Virgin left to bear her Train.
Thus conquering Sun, Moon, and Stars,
'Gainst Gods themselves I'll levy Wars.
Or if on Earth my Mind can rest,
I'll be a Monarch at the least.
Our dull Plebeians shall grow quicker,
Rincing their muddy Brains in Liquor.
The Miser then shall scatter Cash,
For Wine shall change his Balderdash;
And sing and drink, and drink and sing,
Till every Subject turns a King.
The conquer'd Gods shall make us Legs,
Intreating they may sip the dregs.
Thus will we tipple till the World
Into Oblivion is hurld:

And when we feel old Age does come,
We'll poſt into *Elyſium*;
And there our chiefeſt Joys ſhall be
To think of paſt Felicity.

Money's All.

BEauty is Nature's quaint Diſguiſe,
A Covert for the Game we hunt;
Being pinch'd but once or twice it dies,
And leaves behind a ſlimy

Honour's the pleaſing Cheat of Men,
The White that does diſcover Blots;
Like to the Plague at height, which then
Produceth gawdy purple ſpots.

Wiſdom the Souls grave penury,
Which he that owns dares not be brave;

But with dull Morals muſt comply,
Leſt the fond Age ſhould call him Knave.

But he whoſe Wealth ne'er knew a meaſure,
May be truly termed free;
For while he rules alone in Treaſure,
He commands the other three.

Several

Several Late

SONGS

Burleſqu'd or Varied.

As Amoret and Phyllis ſate, &c.

AS *Tom* and I well warm'd with Wine
Were ſitting at the Roſe,
In came Sir *John* with dire deſign
To ply us in the cloſe.

The threatning Bumpers to remove
I whiſper'd in his Ear;
Ah *Tom*, a bloudy Night 'twill prove,
There is no ſtaying here.
There is no, &c.

None ever yet had such an art
In filling to the Brim;
Nor can you e'er expect to part,
If once engag'd with him.

Fly, fly betimes, for at this rate,
We certainly are sunk:
In vain (said *Tom*) in vain you prate,
I am already drunk.

I am already drunk.

Hail to the Myrtle Shades, &c.

PItty the private Cabal,
Ah pitty the Green Ribbon Club;
They've cut off poor *Strephon*'s Entail,
And *Strephon* has met with a rub.

Strephon has ſtill the ſame Greatures,
Who fill him with many a doubt;
But *Strephon* won't ſtoop to his Betters;
Ah *Strephon*, ah why ſo ſtout!

Strephon once caper'd and pranc'd;
Who but *Strephon* at Masks and at Balls!
Strephon the Saraband danc'd,
But *Strephon* now leads up the Brawls.
Strephon who ne'er had the skill
To uſe either Figure or Trope;
For *Strephon* has no lofty Style,
Nor e'er was cut out for a Pope.

Strephon though not by his Tongue
Has drawn to him Parties and Factions,
People that make the day long
By buzzing of private Tranſactions.
Strephon has little to ſay,
But laughs at the Lord knows what;

But the Club meets every day,
And ſits with eternal Chat.

The Poor Whore's Song, in alluſion to the Begging Souldier, Good your Worſhip caſt an Eye, &c.

GOod young Leacher caſt an Eye
Upon a poor Whores miſery:
Let not my antiquated Front
Make you leſs free than you were wont.
But like a noble Rogue
Do but diſembogue,
And you ſhall have our conſtant vogue;
For I am none of thoſe
That a bulking goes,
And often ſhows
Their Bridewell blows,

Or

Or New Priſon Laſh,
For filing of Caſh,
Or nimming Prigſters of their Traſh.

But I at Court have often been
Within the view of King and Queen;
A Guiney to me was no more
Than Fifteen Pence to a Suburb Whore:
And when he did tilt,
I did briskly jilt,
And ſwallow'd *Pego* to the Hilt.
A Pox was very near,
For *Bubo* did appear,
Had not my Surgeon then been there.

Once at the Bear in *Drury Lane*
The Bullies left me for a Pawn;
But I made my party good,
To Fifteen Guinneys and a Broad.

Oh you wou'd little ween
How that I have been
As great a Jilt as e'er was ſeen.
But if Mother *Bennet* came
With a Wheedle or a Flam,
She'd tell you how I cut the Sham.

From thence I march'd to *Creſwels* Houſe,
Under the name of a Merchants Spouſe;
And there I play'd the ſecret Lover,
Leſt jealous Husband ſhou'd diſcover.
Oh then came in the Rings,
And ſuch like things,
Which eldeſt Prentice often brings.
But now my poor ——
Contrary to its wont,
Muſt pocket any ſmall Affront.

Now Now the Fight's done, &c.

NOw Now the Heart's broke,
Which ſo long has complain'd;
And *Clarinda* triumphs
In the Conqueſt ſh'as gain'd.
Love laughs at the ſight,
At the miſchief does crow;
For a Love-wounded Heart
Is to him a fine Show.
He plays up and down, and he ſports with the Heart,
And he ſhews it about on the point of his Dart.

But ſince the coy Nymph
So diſdainful is grown,

The power of her Charms
We'll for ever diſown;
We'll ſlight the fond Brat,
Love no longer ſhall wrack us,
We'll ſhake off his Chains
For the pleaſures of *Bacchus*.
Then fill us more Wine, fill the Glaſs to the brim;
Thus we'll patch up our Hearts, they ſhall laſt our Life-time.

Tell me deareſt pr'ythee do, Why thou wilt and wilt not too, &c.

TEll me, *Jack*, I pr'ythee do,
Why the Glaſs ſtill ſticks with you:
What does Bus'neſs ſignifie,
If you let your Claret die?

Wine when firſt pour'd from the Bottle
All its ſtrength and vigour flies;
So ſays ancient *Ariſtotle*.
If it ſtand
In your hand,
It will then disband
All its Spirits in a trice.
Who dares then refuſe to ſwallow
All the Wine that out he puts,
Will find ſome heavy Judgments follow,
Vinegar,
Single Beer,
Or ſuch diſmal Gear,
To torment his wambling Guts.

Since to all ſubduing Wine
Lofty Arguments reſign;
He wrongs himſelf that ſits and prates
Of grave Matters or Debates.

Talk not then of Merchandizes,
Or what Intereſt may accrue
By Taxes, Subſidies, Exciſes,
Liberty,
Property,
Or Monopoly;
'Slife 'tis enough to make one ſpue.
Be as you were ever jolly,
Let it not ſtick at your door;
Bus'neſs is the greateſt folly.
Here's a Glaſs,
Let it paſs,
He's a formal Aſs,
That e'er talks of Bus'neſs more.

Mr.

Mr. Drydens *Deſcription of Night.*

ALL things were huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſie head;
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flowers beneath the Night dew ſweat.
Even Luſt and Envy ſlept, &c.

Thus Burleſqu'd.

All things were huſh as when the Drawers tread
Softly to ſteal the Key from Maſters head.

The

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
As if the Socket, not the Candle, burns.
The little Foot-boy ſnoars upon the Stair,
And greaſie Cook-maid ſweats in Elbow Chair.
No Coach nor Link was heard, &c.

Diſdain, yet ſtill I will love thee; Nothing, &c.

FILL't up, yet ſtill I will take it;
Fill't up, I'll ne'er forſake it:
Although
My doom I know,
This Glaſs another will uſher,
Good faith it muſt be ſo,
Though drinking of this Bruſher,
I ſhall neither ſtand nor go.

Now at last the Riddle is expounded, &c.

OLD *Beelzebub* was Father of Sedition;
Pride and Arrogance began diviſion
In Religion,
And taught men to combine.
Fetch up the t'other double Bottle,
I will waſh away deſign;
Bring a Spinſter, though ſhe have a hot Tail,
No Kingdom is enflam'd by Love or Wine.

The buſie Party are the idle Fellows,
Fools that are ſuſpicious and too jealous,
Let Hell looſe,
The Devil's in 'em ſure.
While he that drinks *de die & in diem*,
And all night hugs a Whore;

What Treaſon or Rebellion can come nigh
him,
Since he's employ'd each minute of an hour?

To the Tune of Per fas per nefas.

A Pox o' theſe Fellows contriving,
They've ſpoilt our pleaſant deſign;
We were once in a way of true living,
Improving Diſcourſe by good Wine.
But now Converſation grows tedeous,
O'er Coffee they ſtill conſer Notes;
'Stead of Authors both learn'd and facetious,
They quote onely *Dugdale* and *Oats*.

A Traytor ſtill gives a denyal,
When a Glaſs is fill'd up to the beſt:
By drinking we know who is Loyal,
A Brimmer's the onely Teſt.

He that takes it 's untaunted of Treason,
He from all Impeachment is freed;
He may lose his Feet for a season,
But never shall lose his Head.

An Epitaph upon the Worthy and truly Vigilant, Sam. Micoe *Esq*;

HEre Honest *Micoe* lies, who never knew
Whether the Parish Clock went false or true.
A true bred *English* Gentleman, for he
Never demanded yet *Quel heur est il?*
He valued not the Rise of Sun or Moon,
Nor e'er distinguish'd yet their Night from Noon.
Untill at last by chance he clos'd his Eyes,
And Death did catch him napping by surprize.

But first he thus spoke to the King of Fears,
Have I in Taverns spent my blooming years,
Outsate the Beadle nodding in his Chair,
Outwatch'd the Bulker and the Burglarer;
Outdrank all measure fill'd above the Seal,
When some weak Brethren to their Beds did reel;
And there when last nights Bottles were on board,
When Squires in Cloaks wrapt up in corners snoar'd;
I onely clad in my old Night Campain,
Call'd for more Wine and drank to 'em again?
Have I made Sir *John Robinson* to yield,
Sent haughty *Langston* staggering from the Field?
And unto meager Death now must I sink,
Death that eats all without a drop of Drink?
You steal my Life (grim Tyrant) 'cause you knew
Had I sate up I'd kill'd more men than you.

Quoth

Quoth ſurly Death, *Statutum eſt, ſic dico;*
Sat vigilaſti——Bonos Nochios Micoe.

Upon Mr. Bennet, *Procurer Extraordinary.*

READER beneath this Marble Stone
Saint *Valentine*'s Adopted Son,
Bennet the Bawd now lies alone.

Here lies alone the Amorous Spark,
Who was us'd to lead them in the dark
Like Beaſts by Pairs into the Ark.

If Men of Honour wou'd begin,
He'd ne'er ſtick out at any Sin,
For he was ſtill for Sticking't in.

If Juſtice chiefeſt of the Bench
Had an occaſion for a Wench,
His reverend Flames 'twas he cou'd quench.

And for his Son and Heir apparent,
He cou'd perform as good an errand
Without a Tipſtaff or a Warrant.

Over the Clergy had ſuch a lock,
That he could make a Spiritual Frock
Fly off at ſight of Temporal Smock.

Like *Will 'ith' wiſp* ſtill up and down
He led the Wives of *London* Town,
To lodge with Squires of high renown.

While they (poor Fools) being unaware,
Did find themſelves in Manſion fair,
Near *Leic'ſter Fields* or *James's Square*.

Thus

Thus Wotthy *Bennet* was imploy'd;
At laſt he held the Door ſo wide,
He caught a cold, ſo cough'd, and dy'd.

To a late Scotch Tune.

Thomas did once make my Heart full glad,
When I ſet him up to rule at the Helm:
But *Thomas* has prov'd but a naughty Lad,
For *Thomas* I fear has betray'd my Realm.

I gave him a Houſe, I gave him Grounds,
I gave him a hundred thouſand pounds,
I gave him the Lord knows what Gadzounds:
But *Thomas*, *&c.*

The fineſt Courtier that e'er was ſeen,
He prais'd my Port, and he prais'd my Meen,

He prais'd all the Ladies at Court but the Q----.
Yet *Thomas*, &c.

I gave him all Chriſtian Liberty,
I let him ſometimes lig by me,
I let him feel my Ducheſſes Knee,
Yet *Thomas*, &c.

Upon a Bowl of Punch.

THE Gods and the Goddeſſes lately did feaſt,
Where *Ambroſia* with exquiſite Sawces was dreſt.
The Edibles did with their Qualities ſuit,
But what they ſhou'd drink did occaſion diſpute.
'Twas time that old *Nectar* ſhou'd grow out of faſhion,
For that they have drank long before the Creation. When

When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from
the Board,
For the Chryſtalline Bowl Great *Jove* gave the
word.
This was a Bowl of moſt heavenly ſize,
In which Infant Gods they did uſe to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, We're inform'd they drink Punch
upon Earth,
By which mortal Wights do outdo us in mirth.
Therefore our Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than
they.
'Twas ſpoke like a God,——Fill the Bowl to
the top,
He's caſhier'd from the Skies that leaveth one
drop.

Apollo diſpatch'd away one of the Laſſes,
Who fetch'd him a Pitcher from Well of *Par-*
naſſus. To

To Poets new born this Liquor is brought,
And this they ſuck in for their firſt Mornings draught.

Juno for Limons ſent into her Cloſet,
Which when ſhe was ſick ſhe infus'd into Poſſet;
For Goddeſſes may be as ſqueamiſh as Gipſies,
The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipſes.
Theſe Limons were call'd the *Heſperian* Fruit,
When vigilant Dragon was ſet to look to't.
Six dozen of theſe were ſqueez'd into Water,
The reſt of the Ingredients in order come after.

Venus, th'Admirer of things that are ſweet,
And without her Infuſion there had been no Treat,
Commanded two Sugar-loaves white as her Doves,
Supported to th' Table by a Brace of young Loves.

So wonderful curious these Deities were,
That this Sugar they strain'd through a Sieve of thin Air.

Bacchus gave notice by dangling a Bunch,
That without his Assistance there could be no Punch.
What was meant by his signs was very well known,
So they threw in three Gallons of trusty Langoon.

Mars a blunt God, who car'd not for discourse,
Was seated at Table still twirling his Whiskers:
Quoth he, Fellow Gods and Celestial Gall-ants,
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without Nants;
Therefore Boy *Ganimede* I do command ye,
To fill up the Bowl with a Rundlet of Brandy.

Sa-

Saturn of all the Gods was the oldeſt,
And you may imagine his Stomach was coldeſt,
Did out of his Pouchet three Nutmegs pro-
duce,
Which when they were grated were put to the
Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did crown
With a hard Sea-Biſquet well bak'd by the Sun.

The Bowl being finiſh'd, a Health was began;
Quoth *Jove*, Let it be to our Creature call'd
Man;
'Tis to him alone theſe Pleaſures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

Upon

Upon the Pyramid.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

MY Maſters and Friends, and good People draw near,
For here's a new Sight which you muſt not eſcape,
A ſtately young Fabrick that coſt very dear,
Renown'd for ſtreight body and *Barbary* ſhape;
A Pyramid much high'r
Than a Steeple or Spire,
By which you may gueſs there has been a Fire.
Ah *London* th'adſt better have built new *Burdellos*,
T'encourage She-Traders and luſty young Fellows.

II.

II.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
But they set up this Monument wonderfull tall;
Though when Christians were burnt, as *Fox* plainly shews us,
There was nothing set up but his Book in the Hall.
And yet these men can't
In their Conscience but grant,
That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
Ah London, &c.

III.

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,
To be saved from Water did onely desire:
So the City presumes that this young one is able,
When occasion shall serve to secure them from Fire.

Blowing up when all's done
Preſerves beſt the Town,
But this Hieroglyphick will ſoon be blown down.

Ah London, &c.

IV.

Some ſay it reſembles a Glaſs fit for Mum,
And think themſelves witty by giving Nick-names:
An Extinguiſher too 'tis fancied by ſome,
As ſet up on purpoſe to put out the Flames.
But whatever they ſhall
This Workmanſhip call,
Had it never been thought on 'thad been a Save-all.

Ah London, &c.

V.

V.

Some Paſſengers ſeem to ſuſpect the grave
City,
As men not ſo wiſe as they ſhou'd be, or ſo;
And oftentimes ſay, 'Tis a great deal of pity
So much Coin ſhould be ſpent and ſo little
to ſhow.
But theſe men ne'er ſtop
To pay for going up,
For all that's worth ſeeing is when y'are atop,
Ah London, &c.

But O you proud Nation of Citizens all,
Suppoſing y'had rear'd but onely one ſtone,
And on it engrav'd a ſtupendious Tale,
Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known:
It had been as good
T'have humour'd the Croud,
And then y'had prevented their laughing aloud.
Ah London, &c.

Upon

Upon a Superannuated Couple lately married.

I.

AN Aged Couple have combin'd,
And ſtock of years together joyn'd,
To vie with Time 'tis now deſign'd.

II.

Old Emblem with thy Sythe and Sand,
Thy canker'd power they do withſtand,
Nor Fate it ſelf ſhall here command.

III.

In vain will all their Projects be;
Great Time, they muſt acknowledge thee,
When they endeavour *Rem in Re.*

IV.

They represent (each tedeous night,
When they their feeble force unite)
Methuſalem th'Hermaphrodite.

V.

Of the grave Poſſet made with Sack
A holy Sacrament they make,
Which they with like devotion take.

VI.

The dancing Gueſts like Lightning flew,
This venerable Brace mov'd too
As Cripples in the Jovial Crew.

VII.

While Muſick play'd this ſolemn Pair
Kept time to every ſprightly Air,
With deep-mouth'd Cough and hoarſe Catarth.

VIII.

And now their wiſhes are complete,
With chaſte deſires in Bed they meet;
The Wedding ſeems a Winding ſheet.

IX.

There let us leave them, there they're ſafe,
The next remove is to their Grave;
Epithalamium proves their Epitaph.

On the Proteſtants Flail.

IN former days th' Invention was of Wracks,
To diſlocate mens Joynts and break their Backs:
But this Proteſtant Flail of a ſeverer ſort is,
For *Lignum vitæ* here proves *Lignum mortis*.

The Narrative.

I.

COme prick up your Ears, if they are not gone,
For this Deponent hath loſt his own;
His Neck goes next 'tis forty to one,
Which no body can deny.

II.

Now this Deponent doth depoſe,
That he was once one of the Kings Foes,
But now he thanks God he's none of thoſe:
Sure our Deponent will lie.

III.

He ſwears that once there was *Harry* the Eighth,

Who

Who was divorc'd from's first Wife *Kate*,
And that he cut off anothers Pate,
Which no body can deny.

IV.

Even so (quoth he) I can witness bring,
That the Q—— did consent to the death of
the K——
But we are inform'd there was no such thing;
For our Deponent will lie.

V.

He swears that before the Tower of *Babel*
Kain knock'd out the Brains of his Brother
Abel;
Here he swears to a Truth and not to a Fable;
Which no body can deny.

VI.

Even so (quoth he) some bloudy work

Was carried on by his Brother of Y——
But His Highneſs is neither a *Jew* nor a *Turk*,
For our Deponent will lie.

VII.

He ſwears that once in *Noah*'s time,
There was a great Floud that brought a great Stream,
And all were drown'd that cou'd not ſwim;
Which no body can deny.

VIII.

And now (God bleſs us) we're all in a fright,
For we had like t'have been ruin'd quite,
Our Throats ſhould all have been cut in the night;
But our Deponent will lie.

IX.

Further he ſweare that S. *Peter* from Heav'n,

Had ſuch an abſolute power given,
That whom he pleas'd were condemn'd or for-
given,
Which no body can deny.

X.

Even ſo (ſaith he) Commiſſions went out
From the Pope to raiſe both Horſe and Foot,
That whom he pleas'd he might ſlaſh and cut;
But our Deponent will lie.

XI.

Some where or other S. *Paul* does aver,
That an Oath puts an end to all buſtle and ſtir,
By which he confirms it is lawful to ſwear;
Which no body can deny.

XII.

There was fooliſh ſwearing in former days,

But our Deponent has alter'd the caſe,
For 'has made more miſchief than ever there
was,
For our Deponent will lie.

The fourteenth Ode of the ſecond Book of Horace.

Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni——

SEE, *Poſthumus*, how years do fly;
Nor can the ſmootheſt Piety
Fill up one wrinkle in the Face,
Or ſtop Old Ages certain pace,
Or quell Mortality.

When dying if thou ſhouldſt deſign
To offer up at *Pluto's* Shrine,

As many Bullocks fat and fair,
As th'are days in every year,
One hour would not be thine.

See the thrice bulky *Geryon* ſtand,
Shackled in Ropes of *Stygian*:
On't'other ſide the doleful Pool
See the extended *Tityus* roul,
Where all Mankind muſt land.

This irkſom Shore muſt entertain
The greateſt Prince that e'er ſhall reign:
As great a welcom ſhall be there
Made to the meaneſt Cottager;
Diſtinctions are in vain,

In vain we ſhun the chance of War,
Where the moſt frequent dangers are.

In vain we do ſecure our ſelves
From troubled Seas, or Sands, or Shelves,
Or a cold Winter fear.

By all the Human Race at laſt
Muddy *Cocytus* muſt be paſt;
Where th'impious Daughters fill a Sieve,
Where Siſyphus in vain does ſtrive
To ſtick the Rowler faſt.

We bid Farwell to Land and Houſe,
To th' joys of an untainted Spouſe;
And to the ſilent Groves and Trees,
Whoſe Height and Shade at once do pleaſe:
But there ſad Cypreſs grows.

Then ſhall rich Wines brought from *Campain*,
Which you with Locks and Bolts detain,

Be by your worthy Heir let loose,
To give a Tincture round the House,
Where he does entertain.

The tenth Ode of the second Book of Horace.

Rectiùs vives, Licine, neque altum
Semper urgendo——

THat thou mayst steer thy course with greater ease,
Plunge not far amidst the deepest Seas:
Or fill'd with horror when the Ocean roars,
Press not hard upon unequal Shores.
Who ever does admire the Golden Mean,
Is not pent up in Cottages unclean;
Inhabits not obscure and sordid Cells,
Nor courts the lofty Hall where Envy dwells.

The Pine Tree's vex'd by winds becauſe
'tis tall;
The higher the Tower, the greater is its fall.
By Heavens Artillery are Mountains ſhook,
And mightieſt Hills are ſooneſt Thunder
ſtrook.

In adverſe Times a well prepared Mind
With reaſon hopes a better change to find;
In proſp'rous days wiſhes no further good,
But modeſtly does fear Viciſſitude.

Heaven doth disfigure Earth with Winters
Rain,
And the ſame Heaven guilds the Earth again.
If at one inſtant things ſucceed not well,
There follows not an everlaſting Ill.
From Bow and Dart *Apollo* doth retire,
And ſometimes takes in hand his charming Lyre,
And by ſoft Notes excites the Female Quire.

When in ſome dangerous Straits your Barque
ſhall ride,

Let

Let never failing Courage be your Guide:
But if your Fortune blow auſpicious Gales,
Let Wiſdom then contract your ſtrutting Sails.

Horace's *well wiſhes to a ſcurvy Poet gone to Sea*, Epode 10. in Mævium.

Mala ſoluta navis exit alite,
Ferens olentem Mævium, &c.

With an unhappy Freight that Ship is ſtor'd,
That took the fulſom *Mævius* aboard.
Auſter remember what you have to do,
'Tis in your power to ſplit the Ship in two.
Eurus the Black, this your Command ſhall be,
To ſpoil the Tackle, and diſturb the Sea.

Aquilo

Aquilo riſe, and be your Fury ſhown,
As much as when you Trees have overthrown.
And in dark night no friendly Star appear,
As when *Orion* leaves the Hemiſphere.
Nor more of Calm at Sea let him enjoy,
Than conquering *Grecians* when they ſail'd from *Troy*;
When *Pallas* to avenge the ſin of Fire,
By water made *Ajax*'s Crew expire.
What ſport 'twoud be t'obſerve the Sailers ſweat
And ſee thy Earthen Face look paler yet!
To hear thy Howlings and unmanly Cries,
In vain beſeeching angry Deities!
Or let the Southern Winds drive thee away
Into the bellowing Gulph of *Adria*.
But if thy Carcaſe ſhould be caſt on ſhore,
That Cormorants the Carrion may devour:
To th'Tempeſts then a Holyday we'll keep,
By offering up a Ram or ſome black Sheep.

A Call to the Guard by a Drum.

RAt too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat rat too,
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd and your Eyes black and blew,
All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Souldiers are,
Though with very ſmall Coyn, yet with very much Care,
From your Quarters and Garrets make haſte to repair,
To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your ſorry Straw Beds and bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreams of Small Drink and your very ſmall eaſe,
From your plenty of ſtink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm ſticking on 'em like Gum,
And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to ſtanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.

From

From your crack'd Earthen Piſpots where no
Piſs can ſtay,
From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the
wrong way;
From one old broken Stool with one unbroken
Leg,
One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your
ſelves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.

With truſty Pike and Gun, and the other ruſty
Tool;
With Heads extremely hot, and with Hearts
wondrous cool;
With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and
Sutlers) hurt;
With two old totter'd Shooes that diſgrace the
Town Dirt;
With forty ſhreds of Breeches, and no one ſhred
of Shirt,
To the Guard, &c.

See they come, ſee they come, ſee they come, ſee
they come,
With Allarms in their Pates to the call of a Drum;
Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modeſt
call Bitches)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs ſhrunk
to Switches;

With

With the Plague in the Purſe, and the Pox in the Breeches,
To the Guard, &c.

Some from ſnoring and farting, and ſpewing on Benches,
Some from damn'd fulſom Ale, and more damn'd fulſom Wenches;
Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this way ſtalk;
Each mans Reeling's his gate, and his Hickup his talk,
With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old Rows of Chalk,
To the Guard, &c.

Here come others from ſcuffling, and damning mine Hoſt,
With their Tongues at laſt tam'd, but with Faces that boaſt
Of ſome Scars by the Jordan, or Warlike Quart Pot,
For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the mouth, but diſcharg'd ne'er a Groat,
To the Guard, &c.

They for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does come!
From his preaching o'er Pots now to pray o'er a Drum.

All ye whoring and ſwearing old Red Coats
draw near,
Like to Saints in Red Letters liſten and give ear,
And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,
To the Guard, &c.

After ſome canting terms, To your Arms, and the
like,
Such as Poyſing your Muſquet, or Porting your
Pike;
To the right, To the left, or elſe Face about;
After ratling your Sticks, and your ſhaking a
Clout,
Haſt your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard
on foot,
To the Guard, &c.

Captain *Hector*, firſt marches, but not he of *Troy*,
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy;
See the Man ſcant of Arms in a Scarf does
abound,
Which preſages ſome ſwaggering, but no bloud
nor wound;
Like a Rainbow that ſhews the World ſhan't be
drown'd;
To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags whileſt the Dog bears
the Budget,
So the Man ſtalks with Staff whileſt the Footboy
does trudge it With

With the Tool he ſhould work with (that's Half Pike you'll ſay;)
But what Captain's ſo ſtrong his own Arms to convey,
When he marches o'er loaden with ten other mens Pay?
To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at leaſt
With Stinks ſixteen deep, and about five abreaſt,
Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and brown Cruſt for,
While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the cluſter,
Which declares that his Journey's not now to the Muſter,
But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Muſquet and Belly uncharg'd march away,
With Pipes black as their Mouths, and ſhort as their Pay;
Whileſt their Coats made of holes ſhew like Bone-lace about 'em,
And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins without 'em,
And whileſt Horſemen do cloath 'em, theſe Foot-ſcrubs do clout 'em,
For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ty'd on one ſide, and Wit ty'd on neither;
Wear gray Coats and gray Cattle, ſee their Wenches run hither,
For to peep through Red Lettice and dark Cellar doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes ruſty juſt like their Whores,
As ſlender as their Meals and as long as their Scores,
To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheede; whileſt we beat Dub a Dub;
Keep the baſe *Scotiſh* noiſe, and as baſe *Scotiſh* ſcrub:
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open ſpread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Noſe full as red;
Like an Enſign to the King, and to the Kings Head,
Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come laſt, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country Claps.
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by name that vents ſtink by whole ſale,.

For

For where ſhould the Fart be but juſt with the Tail

Of the Guard ? *&c.*

And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the Court,
Which is guarded by theſe as the Tower is by Dirt;
Theſe *Whitehall* muſt admit and ſuch other unhouſe ye,
Each day lets in the drunk, whilſt it lets out the drowſie,
And no place in the world ſhifts ſo oft to be lowſie.

Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to *Scotland-Yard* ſneak, and the Sutlers wife kiſſes;
But deſpairing of Drink till ſome Countryman piſſes,
And pays too (for no place in the Court muſt be given)
To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, ſoon, and cures Sir----

On the Guard, &c.

Some at Sh---houſe publick (where a Rag always goes)

At

At once empty their Guts and diminish their
Clothes.
Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore
and Bacon being all
Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Cour-
tiers may call,
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they sh——
at *Whitehall*,
For the Guard, &c.

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making
entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call
a Centry,
Which in bad Houses of Boards stand to tell
what a clock 'tis,
Where they keep up tame Redcoats as men keep
up tame Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in
Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been
their lucks
Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the
Kings Ducks;
While some others are set in the side that has
Wood in,
To stand Pimps to black Masques that are oft
thither footing,

Just

Juſt as Houſewives ſet Cuckolds to ſtir their
Black Pudding.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Whileſt another true *Trojan* to ſome paſſage runs,
As to keep in the Debtors, ſo to keep out the
Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Miſtreſs, with Oaths to
confound,
Till he hyes him from the Park as from forbid-
den ground,
'Cauſe his Credit is whole, and his Wench may
be ſound,
And quits the Guard, &c.

Now it's night, and the Patrole in Alehouſe
drown'd,
For nought elſe but the Pot and their Brains
walk the round;
Whileſt like Hell the Commanders Guard-cham-
ber does ſhew,
There's ſuch damning themſelves and all elſe of
the Crew,
For though theſe cheat the Men, they give the
Devil his due,
On the Guard, &c.

Whileſt a Main after Main at old Hazard they
throw,
And their Quarrels grow high as their Money
grows low;

Strait they threaten hard (uſing bad Faces for Frowns)
To revenge on the Fleſh, the default of the Bones,
But the Blood's in their Hoſe, and in Oaths all their Wounds.

Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they fight, juſt as much as they pray;
For ſome one to the King does the Tidings convey
For preventing of *Murder*; Oh 'tis a wiſe way!
Though not one of 'em knows (as a thouſand dare ſay)
That belongs to a dead man, unleſs in his pay

For the Guard, &c.

With their Skins they march home no more hurt than their Drums,
But for ſcratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat *Alewives*, and *Tradeſmen* grown lean;
For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him again,

With

With ſending out Tickets, and turning out Men
From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogue's caſhier'd with a Cane, and a Curſe,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purſe:
And what then? Man's a *Worm*; theſe we Glow-worms may name:
For as they'r dark of Body, have Tails all of flame.
So tho' thoſe liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with a *Pſalm*.

Farewell Guard, &c.

Dr.

Dr. Wild's *Humble Thanks for His Majesty's gracious Declaration for Liberty of Conscience*, Mar. 15. 72.

NO not one word can I of this great deed
In *Merlin* or old Mother *Shipton* read!
Old *Tyburn* take those *Tychobrahe* Imps,
As *Silger*, who would be accounted Pimps
To the Amorous Planets; they the Minute know
When *Jove* did Cuckold old *Amphytrio*,
Ken *Mars*, and made *Venus* wink, and glances
Their close Conjunctions and Midnight Dances;
When costive *Saturn* goes to stool, and vile
Thief *Mercury* doth pick his Fob the while;
When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her Man
Throw't out of Window into th'Ocean.
More subtil than th'Excisemen here below,
What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know.

Cunning

Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miſs
To tell us next year the ſucceſs of this;
They correſpond with *Dutch* and *Engliſh* Star,
As one once did with *CHARLES* and *Oliver*.
The *Bankers* alſo might have (had they gone)
What Planet govern'd the Exchequer known.
Old *Lilly*, though he did not love to make
Any words on't, ſaw the *Engliſh* take
Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign
Had been *Aquarius*, then they'd made them Nine.
When *Sagittarius* took his aim to ſhoot
At Biſhop *Coſin*, he ſpied him no doubt;
And with ſuch force the winged Arrow flew,
Inſtead of one Church Stag he killed two;
Gloceſter and *Durham* when he eſpy'd,
Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd:
Well *Wille Lilly*, thou knew'ſt all this as well
As I, and yet wouldſt not their Lordſhips tell.
I know thy Plea too, and muſt it allow,
Prelats ſhould know as much of Heaven as thou.

But now, Friend *William*, ſince it's done and paſt,
Pray thee give us *Phanaticks* but one caſt,
What thou foreſawſt of *March* the Fifteenth laſt;
When ſwift and ſudden as the Angels fly,
Th' Declaration for Conſcience Liberty;
When things of Heaven burſt from the Royal Breſt'
More fragrant than the Spices of the Eaſt.
I know in next years Almanack thou'lt write,
Thou ſawſt the King and Council over night,
Before that morn, all ſit in Heaven as plain
To be diſcern'd, as if 'twere *Charles's Wain*.
Great *B*, great *L*, and two great *AA's* were chief,
Under great *Charles* to give poor *Fan's* relief.
Thou ſawſt Lord *Arlington* ordain the Man
To be the firſt Lay-Metropolytan.
Thou ſawſt him give Induction to a *Spittle*,
And conſtitute our Brother *Tom Dolittle*.
In the *Bears* Paw, and the *Bulls* right Eye,
Some detriment to Prieſts thou didſt eſpy;

And though by *Sol in Libra* thou didſt know
Which way the Scale of Policy would go;
Yet *Mercury in Aries* did decree,
That *Wooll* and *Lamb* ſhould ſtill Conformiſts be.
But hark you *Will*, Steer-poching is not fair;
Had you amongſt the Steers found this *March-hare*,
Bred of that luſty Puſs the Good Old Cauſe,
Religion reſcued from Informing Laws;
You ſhould have yelp'd aloud, Hanging's the end,
By Huntſmens rule, of Hounds that will not ſpend.
Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone;
Go tell thy deſtiny to followers none:
Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee,
And for thy Stars and *Dæmons* ſcrutiny.
King *Charles* Return was much above thy skill
To fumble out, as 'twas againſt thy will.
From him who can the Hearts of Kings inſpire,
Not from the Planets, came that ſacred Fire
Of Sovereign Love, which broke into a flame;
From God and from his King alone it came.

To the King.

So great, ſo univerſal, and ſo free!
This was too much, great *Charles*, except for thee;
For any King to give a Subject hope:
To do thus like thee would undo the Pope.
Yea tho his Vaſſals ſhould their wealth combine,
To buy Indulgence half ſo large as thine;
No, if they ſhould not onely kiſs his Toe,
But *Clements podex*, he'd not let them go:
Whileſt thou to's ſhame, thy immortal glory,
Haſt freed *All Souls* from real Purgatory;
And given *All Saints* in Heaven new joys, to ſee
Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.
Suſpect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worſt;
For ſudden Joys like Grief confound at firſt.
The ſplendor of your Favour was ſo bright,
That yet it dazles and o'erwhelms our ſight:
Drunk with her cups my Muſe did nothing mind,
And untill now her Feet ſhe could not find.

Gree-

Greedineſs makes prophanneſs i'th' firſt place;
Hungry men fill their bellies, then ſay Grace.
We wou'd have Bonfires, but that we do fear
The name of *Incend'ary* we may hear:
We wou'd have Muſick too, but 'twill not do,
For all the Fidlers are *Conformiſts* too:
Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman ſwears
By the Kings leave the Bells and Ropes are theirs;
And let 'em take 'em, for our Tongues ſhall ſing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring.
Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine, (wine.
We'll dreſs the Vineyard, they ſhall drink the
Their Church ſhall be the Mother, ours the Nurſe;
Peter ſhall preach, *Judas* ſhall bear the purſe.
No *Biſhops*, *Parſons*, *Vicars*, *Curates*, we
But only *Miniſters* deſire to be.
We'll preach in Sackcloth, they ſhall read in Silk;
We'll feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.
Let but the *Blackbirds* ſing in Buſhes cold,
And may the *Jackdaws* ſtill the Steeples hold.

We'll

We'll be the *Feet*, the *Back*, and *Hands*, and they
Shall be the *Belly*, and devour the prey.
The Tythe-pig ſhall be theirs, we'll turn the Spit;
We'll bear the *Croſs*, they onely *ſign* with it.
But if the Patriarchs ſhall envy ſhow
To ſee their younger Brother *Joſeph* go
In Coat of divers colours, and ſhall fall
To rend it 'cauſe it's not Canonical;
Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too,
And live themſelves to ſee his Dream come true.
May rather they and we together joyn
In all what each can; but they have the Coyn;
With *prayers and tears* ſuch Service much avail;
With *tears* to ſwell your *Seas*, with *prayers* your
Sails;
And with Men too from both our Parties; ſuch
I'm ſure we have can cheat or beat the *Dutch*.
A thouſand *Quakers*, Sir, our ſide can ſpare;
Nay two or three, for they great Breeders are.
The Church can match us too with Jovial Sirs,
Informers, *Singingmen*, and *Paraters*.
Let the King try, ſet theſe upon the Decks
Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.
Their Breath will miſchief further than a Gun,
And if you loſe them you'll not be undone.
Pardon, Dread Sir, nay pardon this courſe Paper,
Your Licenſe 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALE.

Theſe

These for his Old Friend Doctor Wild, *Author of the* Humble Thanks, &c.

SIR,

HAD I believ'd report, that said
These Rhymes by Doctor *Wild* were made,
I long before this time had sent
Some symptoms of our discontent.
For since y' have left off being witty,
Your *humble thanks* deserves our pitty.
I can't imagine what you'l do,
Your Muse turn'd *Non-conformist* too?
And will not easily dispence
With the old way of writing sence!
She hath receiv'd, if that be true,
As much *Indulgence* then as you.

Surely (*Dear Sir*) you did not pray
Since you convers'd with *Tycho Brah*.
Jove play'd the wag, and *Luna* piſt,
Do theſe things with *Free-Grace* conſiſt?
Celeſtial Signs ſerve to expreſs
The good man's heav'nly mindedneſs;
There are but Twelve of them in Heaven,
Yet he'll name one by one eleven;
And if you're not in too much haſt,
'Tis ten to one, he names the laſt.
You had been horribly put to't,
If *Sagittarius* could not ſhoot:
Aquarius and the *Smyrna* Fleet,
I'll ſwear, a very good conceit.
But, Doctor, let us know, why will ye
Thus vex your ſelf at *William Lilly*?
'Tis true, he could not find it out,
That *March* would bring all this about;

But on that day you well might gather
That there would be some change of weather:
And change of weather in a Nation
Portends a kind of alteration.

This favour, you do say, did come
Fragrant and full of all perfume,
Like Eastern Spices (it should seem)
This had done rarely in a Theme.
To the next Column ----- let us see
How you discourse His MAJESTY.
Where every solemn Epithite
Does look like Grace before you eat,
Which being said, as rudely you
Do take the Boldness to fall to,
With Rhymes most reverently sent
About *Pope Clement*'s Fundament,
And *Puns* that would provoke the hate
Of any under Graduate.

Peter Non-con (it ſeems) muſt pray,
And *Judas* Church muſt take the Pay.
Some angry men would call him rude Aſs,
That calls the Church of *England Judas*,
You'l be no *Biſhop*, nor no *Curate*,
'Tis only Miniſter that you 're at.
Miniſter! It ſounds, methinks,
Like Paſtor *Clark* of *Bennet Fynks*.
Theſe Favours which the King doth heap
Upon your Head, hath made you *leap*.
And ſince y' have found your feet again,
The *Gout*'s got up into your *Brain*:
If *cap'ring* be ſo fine a thing,
Pr'ythee come over for the King.

Your humble Servant,

OBEDIAH.

Ill Painters when they make a Sign
Either of Talbot or of Swine,
To ſatisfie all Perſons rogant,
That they might make a Hog or Dog on't;
Do never think it any ſhame
To underwrite the Creature's Name.
WILD *made ſome Verſes you muſt know,*
ITER BOREALE *is below.*

THE RAMBLE.

WHile Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
With Back ſo weak and P— ſo ſore,
You'd wonder,

I rouz'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,
I pin'd her Whisk, and drop't a Crown,
She pist, and then I drove her down,
Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to dinner,
I drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,
And still I thought the Devil in her
Clitoris,

I sate at *Muskats* in the dark,
I heard a Tradesman and a Spark,
An Atturney and a Lawyer's Clark,
Tell Stories

From thence I went, with muffled Face,
To the Duke's House, and took a place,
In which I spu'd, may't please his Grace,
Or Highness;

Shou'd

Shou'd I been hang'd I could not chuſe
But laugh at Whores that drop from Stews,
Seeing that Miſtris *Marg'ret* ------
So fine is.

When Play was done, *I* call'd a Link,
I heard ſome paltry pieces chink
Within my Pockets, how d'ee think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to Miſtriſs *Spering*,
Where ſome were curſing, others ſwearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
per fidem,

Seven's the main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,
'Twas ſix, ſaid I, as God ſhall ſa' me,
Now being true you cou'd not blame me
ſo ſaying,

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ſo ſaying,

Sa' me! quoth one, what Shamaroon
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A playing?

This was as bad to me as killing,
Miſtake not Sir, ſaid I, I'm willing,
And able both, to drop a ſhilling,
Or two Sir:

Goda'mercy then, ſaid Bully *Hec* ----
With Whiskers ſtern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his ſcabby Neck
To ſhew Sir.

With mangled fiſt he graſp'd the Box,
Giving the Table bloody knocks,
He throws ---- and calls for Plague and Pox
T' aſſiſt him;

Some

Some twenty ſhillings he did catch,
H'ad like t'have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor could, Time's Regiſter, my Watch
Have miſt him.

As Luck would have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, y' ad better go and ſwill
Canary,

We ſteer'd our courſe to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleetſtreet* to be ſeen,
Where we drank Wine---not foul---but clean
contrary.

Our Hoſt, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,
Preſented ſlice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us ſwallow Sack as Salmon
Drink water,

Which

Being o'er-warm'd with laſt debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roch,
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,
Or later,

We broke the Glaſſes out of hand,
As many Oaths I'd at command
As *Haſtings*, *Sabin*, *Sunderland*,
Or *Ogle*,

Then I cry'd up *Sir Henry Vane*,
And ſwore by God I would maintain
Epiſcopacy was too plain
A juggle.

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine ſo late,
I drew my Sword on honeſt *Kate*
O'th' Kitchin,

Which

Which *H*----'s Wife would not endure,
I told her tho' ſhe look'd demure,
She came but lately I was ſure
From Bitching,

A Club there was in t'other Room,
I bolted in, being known to ſome,
Such men are not in Chriſtendom
For jeſting,

They uſe a plain familiar ſtile,
Appearing friendly all the while,
Yet never part without a Broil
Inteſtin.

The firſt as Steward did appear,
A ſtrange conceited Barriſter,
Who on all Matters will infer
His Reading,

A Band had on, that's very plain,
A Velvet Coat, a ſhining Cane,
Some Law, leſs Wit, and not a grain
Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit
Of talking News about *Maeſtricht*,
How that the Prince's leaving it
Was ſudden,

Quoth he, (becauſe they ſhould ſay
That he knew leſs of this than they)
Juſt ſuch a caſe I read this day
In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,
Could Indignation not forbear,
Zounds, ſayes he, did Man e're hear
Such Non-ſence?

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,
This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,
With musty Law and dull Reports,
Damn'd long since,

Go bolt your Cases at the Fire,
From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Rastal*, *Dyer*,
Such heavy stuff does rather tire
Than please us:

Tell not us of Issue Male,
Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,
Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,
And Leases.

Can you discourse of Hand-Granadoes,
Of Sally-Ports and Ambuscadoes,
Of Counterscarps and Pallizadoes,
And Trenches,

Of

Of Baſtions, blowing up of Mines,
Or of Communication Lines,
Or can you gueſs the great Deſigns
The *French* has?

The Barriſter began to ſtart
To hear ſuch bloody terms of Art,
And did deſire with all his heart
A Farewel;

Till younger Member of the Houſe,
Reſenting this as an Abuſe,
Thought it convenient to eſpouſe
His Quarrel.

This was a ſpruce young Squire that
Knew the true Manage of the Hat,
And every morning ty'd Cravat
With Project:

One

One that was ſure he knew the Town,
To men of Fringe and Feather known,
Mongſt whom all Law he wou'd diſown,
And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus:
You are miſtaken much in us,
With dint of Sword we can diſcuſs;
'Tis true Sir,

You trail'd a Pike, or ſome ſuch thing,
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding:
And all the Town (forſooth) muſt ring
Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lambs*,
Whither you'd come with forty ſhams;
And ſwore you wou'd renounce all Games
But Tennis:

Laſt

Laſt night (ſuch luck ne'r man had yet)
You play'd with Counteſs at Picquet,
And that ſhe did (by Jeſus) get
Twelve Guinnies;

Nay worſe --- juſt parting with my Lord,
He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,
And you wear his not worth a Turd ----
--- A Bawble;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,
For you will have his Iron Grey:
A ſwifter Nag is not this day
In ſtable.

And all the great deſign of this
Is but to borrow half a Piece,
Or be excus'd (if Ready miſs)
From Clubbing:

The

The Captain ſwell'd, yet did not know
Whether the Youth would fight or no,
Or if 'twere ſafe to give the Foe
A drubbing.

Company's here, and for their ſake,
Quoth he, ſome other time I'll take,
For I did never love to make
A Buſtle,

Even when you pleaſe, quoth Younker, then
I'm every Evening to be ſeen
'Mongſt witty Coffee-drinkers in
Street Ruſſel.

One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,
With whom the Captain us'd to ſnack,
Becauſe he'd make the firſt attack
On Bubble.

Did think it fit to do him right,
Altho' he knew he would not fight,
Yet Cully he would ſore affright
And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;
Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,
If Letters fail, Go Bully-rock
The Carrier,

For here you muſt not vent your ſtuff,
We underſtand you well enough:
You muſt not think to rant and huff
A Warrier.

I knew when *Animal* and *Ens*
Was once the chief of your pretence,
But now you think y'ave ſprucer Senſe
And Knowledge.

When

When first this Town y' arriv'd unto,
The only Bu'sneſs y' ad to do
Was to enquire out thoſe that knew
Your Colledge.

Certainly Mortal never ſaw
A thing ſo pert, ſo dull, ſo raw,
And yet 'twou'd put a Caſe in Law,
If they wou'd,

Then it began to viſit Playes,
And on the Women it wou'd gaze,
And looked like Love in a Maze,
Or a Wood.

Into Fop-corner you wou'd get,
And uſe a ſtrange obſtreperous Wit,
Not any quiet to the Pit
Allowing:

And when my Lord came in, you'd ſpy,
If toward you he caſt an Eye,
Y' had lucky opportunity
Of bowing,

At laſt you got a ſwinging Clap,
Which ran upon you like a Tap,
And lay for Cure of this miſhap
At *Tooting*,

Then you writ Letters of Advice
To Parent, for ſome freſh ſupplies,
Pretending to the exerciſe
Of Mooting:

At length you underſtood a Dye,
Carry'ing in Fob variety
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High
And Low-Dyce.

But

But when you hear the fatal doom,
That Father ſhall remand you home,
It hardly will appear you come
From Studies.

The Youth was juſt a throwing Glaſs
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,
When Barriſter took Heart of Grace,
And courage:

Doctor, ſayes he, you are a Cheat,
A greater Knave walks not the Street,
A verrier Quack one ſhall not meet
In our Age.

Doctors of Phyſick we indeed
Do moſt abominably need:
If you are one, that ſcarce can read
A Ballat,

You ſerv'd a Doctor, -- true, from whom
You ſtole Receipts, being his Groom,
Or waiting on him in his Room,
As Valet,

On Serving-men you us'd to cut,
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,
And made the Fellows ſtill run out
Their wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old ſcores,
Ruin the Tapſter at all Fours,
And ſtill obſerve the Carriers hours,
And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,
To whom your ſtollen Receipts you ſhow,
That y'ave no Learning he does know,
And ſmall Parts:

Yet for Advantage does proclaim
You as the eldeſt Son of Fame,
And ſwears your Cures have got a Name
In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his Houſe,
With care and ſecrecy to chouſe
Thoſe Fools incurable, that thus
Are minded,

If y'are deſir'd to write a Bill,
Your Eyes have a defluxion ſtill,
That if you do but touch a Quill,
You're blinded.

'Mongſt gilded Books on ſhelves you ſqueeze
Old *Gallen* and *Hippocrates*,
For ſuch learn'd men (ſay you) as theſe
I'll ſtickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,
Giants they might have been as well,
Or two Arch-Angels, *Gabriel*,
And *Mich'el*.

In ſhort, you are an empty Sawſe ---
Before this word quite out he draws,
The Doctor ſtruck him croſs the Jaws,
God bleſs us!

The Student then propos'd a ſlap,
Which on Quack's beſt of Eyes did hap,
With might and main-- on Youth fell Cap---
---tain *Beſſus*.

I'th' Room was Juſtice *Middleſex*,
Who underſtanding Statute *Lex*,
Being unwilling to perplex
A Riot,

Softly

Softly as he could ſpeak, did cry,
(Which no Body obſerv'd but I)
My Friends, in Name of Majeſty,
Be quiet.

The Youngſter firſt deſir'd a Truce,
Becauſe Cravat from Neck hung looſe,
Captain, quoth he, your Weapon chooſe,
I'll fight 'ee:

Nay then, thought I, if ſo it be,
You're very likely to agree,
There's no Diverſion more for me,
Good night t'ee.

And having now diſcharg'd the Houſe,
We did reſerve a gentle Souſe,
With which we drank another rouſe
At the Bar:

And

And good Chriſtians all attend,
To Drunkenneſs pray put an end,
I do adviſe you as a Friend,
And Neighbour.

For lo! that Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in dayes of old,
Is now become raſh, ſturdy, bold,
And free Sir;

For having ſcap'd the Tavern ſo,
There never was a greater Foe,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, No
Nor *Ceſar*.

A Conſtable both ſtern and dread,
Who is from Muſtard, Brooms and Thread,
Preferr'd to be the Brainleſs Head ---
O' th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,
A Hat too, which as Folk do say,
Is ſirnam'd to this very day
A Steeple;

His Staff, which knew as well as he,
The Bus'neſs of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at ſight of me;
Very true 'tis,

Thoſe louzy Currs that hither come
To keep the King's Peace ſafe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from
Their *Cutis*.

Stand! ſtand! ſayes one, and come before ----
You lye, ſaid I, like a Son of a Whore,
I can't, nor will not ſtand, ---that's more---
D'ye mutter?

You

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell what,
Yond' Officer i'th May-pole Hat,
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter,

The Conſtable began to ſwell,
Altho' he lik'd the motion well:
Quoth he, my Friend, this I muſt tell
Ye clearly,

The Peſtilence you can't forget,
Nor the Diſpute with *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire, that made us get
Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,
To have a Body's Conſcience clear,
Excelleth any coſtly cheer,
Or Banquets;
Beſides,

Besides, (and 'faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept
Within your Chamber, and have slept
In Blanquets:

But I'll advise you by and by,
A Pox of all advise, said I,
Your Janizaries look as dry
As *Vulcan*:

Come, here's a shilling, fetch it in,
We come not now to talk of Sin,
Our Bus'ness must be to begin
A full Can.

At last, I made the Watch-men drunk,
Examin'd here and there a Punk,
And then away to Bed I slunk
To hide it,

God

God save the Queen, —— but as for you,
Who will these Dangers not eschew,
I'd have you all go home and spue
As I did.

The Lawyers Demurrer *argued.*

By the Loyal ADDRESSERS *(the Gentlemen) of* Grays-Inne, *against an* ORDER *made by the Bench of the said Society.*

To the Tune of *Packington's* Pound, Or, *The Round-head Reviv'd.*

I.

DEar Friends, and good People, with Gowns, and with none;
I'll tell you a Tale of a parcel of *Whiggs*,
The Spawn of some *Rebells* in year Forty One,
Who, like their damn'd Sires, pursue their Intrigues:

It

It occasions amazing,
That some Members of *Grays Inn*, (Raising:
Turn Tail to their King, from whom they'd their
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

II.

By a musty old Custom, call'd Order of Pension.
Giving Thanks to the King was judg'd an Affray,
And straight they Decreed, 'twas just to Dis-
bench One, ('s)
For shewing himself more Loyal than they:
So thus the *Dom. Com.*
Speak loudly for some, (Mum.
But propose the King's Int'rest the word shall be
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever;
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

III.

III.

Men of the Sword they say make a Division, (S)
And militant Lawyers their Wisdoms disown,
So that from the King to have had a Commission,
Does not consist with a tatter'd old Gown:
These men make pretence,
Both to Law and to Sense, (Prince,
Yet say the Law's broke, if you fight for your
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

IV.

From th' Ancients (they urge) this Order comes (out,
And therefore expect a ready Obedience,
But how can that be, since their Masterships doat,
And they themselves have forgotten Allegiance:
Therefore let's pray,
Both by Night and by Day,
That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.

You

You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

V.

But would it not move a Heart made of Flint,
To think that a House must continue no longer,
Since the grave Gubernators refus'd to consent,
Except 'twere propos'd by a Bar-Iron-monger; (C)
Or else by a Brewer, (O)
Who serves them with Beer,
So small, that they'r fill'd with Suspicion and Fear.
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever;
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VI.

Now some of the younger disconsolate fry, (G)
As if they'd been still at --- *Quæso Magister*,
Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,
They desir'd to consult the Chappel-Minister,

One of the young men,
Wou'd not handle a Pen,
For my Lord and my Father won't take me agen.
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuſe an Addreſs made to your Law-giver.

VII.

The number of thoſe who refus'd to ſubſcribe,
Are fitly compar'd to the days of poor *Job*,
Few and Evil --- and of a Satanical Tribe,
Who ſcandalize all the reſt of the Robe;
Thoſe of the Bar-meſs,
Who cry'd --- No Addreſs,
Found their Party of Faction were two to one leſs:
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuſe an Addreſs made to your Law-giver.

VIII.

VIII.

Now you have heard of theſe *Lawyers Demurrer*,
And how their weak Arguments are over-rul'd,
Without all Diſpute will think an *Abhorrer*,
Of them and Petitions, are loyally bold.
For ſuch Impudence,
Both at Bar and at Bench,
Proceeds from thoſe Men who their King would Retrench;
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuſe an Addreſs made to your Law-giver.

The SWORD's *Farewell, upon the approach of a* Michaelmas-Term.

HEalth to my Friends, a terror to my Foes,
Revenging Wrongs, impatient of blows,
Couragious Metal, trueſt of all Steels,
Sure to thy Maſter, always at his heels;
Ready to jog him by the Elbow, when
He is confronted by the Sons of Men.
Soul of my Weapon, thou ſhalt take thy Reſt;
And acquieſce within thy Sable Neſt,
One Month muſt fix thee in a certain Station,
Thy Maſter's *Term* muſt prove thine own *Vacation*:
Till that's expir'd (his Honour be thy Pawn)
Though here thour't hang'd yet thou ſhalt not be (drawn,
Thou ſhalt not now too late at Night appear,
Tincenſe the King's Almighty Officer,
Nor vex his Watch, leſt by his great Command,
They knock thy Maſter down, and bid him ſtand:

Nor

Nor fly at Mortal wight, though ne're ſo tall,
Who paſſing by Surrenders not the Wall,
Nor puſh at Bayliffs ſtout denouncing War:
We know no Sergeants now but at the Bar.
They're fix'd (but with ſuch moveable devotion,)
Come when you will, you'l find them in a Motion.
Not willing any Man ſhould be oppreſt,
'Tis only *Judgment* that they would Arreſt.
Thou ſhalt not now be bare, when *Hector* cloaths,
And backs the Lye with rags of ſwelling Oaths,
Now ſuch great words admit a Period,
He muſt ſpeak only truth, *ſo help him God*;
The Stile is chang'd, (the Seaſon ſo will have it)
If he will ſwear, 't muſt be by *Affidavit*.
Thou muſt not now come forth in view, as once,
To fright a Rev'rend Bawd, and build a Sconce,
Nor make a Drawer ſtand all Night to Skink
Full cups, and watch to fill thy Maſter Drink,
To rubifie his Cheeks, though when he will,
He can take out a *Fieri Facias* ſtill.
Or Preſidents (if common Writs do fail,)
Direct to me a ſpecial Writ of *Aile*.

(Whilom at ſuch a Sign conven'd the Wits;
But now no Sign is known except for Writs)
Thou muſt forbear a while at *Inn* and *Inn*,
T'out-brave whom thou ſuſpecteſt like to win:
No jogging chance muſt now blind mortal Eyes,
We'll find freſh Bail of *Men* and not of *Dice*.
Pray for an Action now, and not an *Ace*,
Let every *Deuce* Produce a Debtor's caſe:
And in the ſtead of every *Trey* that's thrown,
So many *Tryals* may we call our own.
To caſt a *Quatre* now we muſt forget,
And call to mind a *Quare Impedit*.
Each *Cinque* a *Capias*, and for every *Size*
Wiſh that a *Scire Facias* may ariſe.
Now we muſt think *Hazard* brings little gain,
Throw a *Mandamus* rather than a *Main*;
On certainties 'tis ſafeſt to rely,
More's gain'd by *Bill*, than gotten by the *By*.
To *Play-Houſes* thou now ſhalt bid adieu,
Although the Farce be gay enough and new,
Ne're before Acted, brings thee not among
Thoſe that ſell Two and Six-pence for a Song.

No

No Idle Scenes, fit buſie times as theſe,
Inſtead of *Playes* we now converſe with *Pleas*;
And 't's thought the laſt do ſavour more of Wit,
For thoſe have Plots to ſpend, but theſe to get.
(Give way, Great *Shakeſpear*, and immortal *Ben*,
To *Doe* and *Roe*, *John Den* and *Richard Fen*.)
Farewel (dear Sword) thour't prov'd, and laid aſide;
Thy youngeſt Brother, *Penknife*, muſt be try'd;
That thou art beſt, needs but a thin diſpute,
Thou woundeſt skin of *Man*, he skin of *Brute*,
'Tis pity ſuch an Urchin long ſhould Reign
To raze a Line, when thou can'ſt prick a Vein.
'Tis thou can'ſt make ſuch horrid bloody work
Will fright the Pope, and ſcare the biggeſt *Turk*;
Thy very name will make a Cripple run
Swift as a Courtier from a City Dunn.
Now *Tom* (in Acres rich, is come to Town)
To change the Title of a Yeoman's Son,
Thou bid'ſt him kneel, and ſtroak'ſt his empty Skul,
And mak'ſt him riſe *Sir Thomas* Worſhipful:
Thus thou mak'ſt ſpecial Knights of common men,
When he hath made his beſt 'tis but a Pen;

Yet

Yet ſuch a Pen, that when't has learn't it's Trade,
It may undo the Knight which thou haſt made.
That thou art monſtrous valiant is too certain,
For inſtance this, in fine (as ſaith Sir *Martin*)
Th'haſt kill'd--But ſoft, ſome wiſer are than ſome,
I ſhould *Marr-all* if I diſcover whom.
In point of Honour this, (deny't who can)
Thou never turn'dſt thy *Back* to any Man:
The ſhort and long on't's thus, I'll ſafely ſay,
(run away:
Though thou ſhould'ſt *break*, thou would'ſt not
Yet 'twould not wound thy credit long, for when
The *Term* is done, I'll ſet thee up agen.

Cedant ARma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.

Wrote

Wrote in the Banquetting-House in Grayes-Inn-Walks.

HERE Damſel ſits diſconſolate,
Curſing the Rigor of her Fate,
Till Squire Inſipid having ſpy'd her,
Takes Heart of Grace, and ſquats beſide her.
He thus accoſts, ---- Madam, By Gad
You are at once both fair and ſad.
She innocently does ſubmit
To all the Tyrants of his Wit.
The Bargain's made, ſhe firſt is led
To the three Tuns, and ſo to Bed.

But yonder comes a graver Fop,
With heavy Shoe, and Boot-hoſe-top;
To him repairs a virtuous Sir,
Whoſe Queſtion is, What News does ſtir?
With Face askrew, he then declares
The probability of Wars:

And

And gives an ample ſatisfaction
Of *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Dutch* Tranſaction.
Thus chattering out three houres Tale,
They tread to th' Mag-pye, to drink Ale.

Death and the old man.

A Paraphraſe upon one of Æſop's Fables.

A Poor old man, who had by cleaving wood,
Full threeſcore years procur'd a livelihood;
He never ran the various riſques of Fate,
Each day his ſhoulders bore an equal weight,
Till now at laſt of Age he did complain,
And thought each Load did weigh as much again.
One Evening coming home he made a ſtop,
And wanting ſtrength, he let his Burden drop;
Then ſate upon it, with a proud neglect,
And ner'e till now did on himſelf reflect.
What Being's this call'd Man, and what am I?
One of the Drudges of Mortality.

I've

I've cut down Wood enough, now Death attend,
And to my Life and Labour put an end:
With that the Griſly Skelleton appear'd,
And the old man was from his Senſes ſcar'd:
Quoth Death, Old fellow, if you'd ſpeak with me,
I'le give a period to your miſery:
Oh No, ſweet Sir, quoth the amazed Grandſire,
I wiſh it not, as I'me a living man Sir;
I only did deſire, becauſe I'me weak,
And cannot lift this Burthen to my Neck,
That you'l be pleas'd, to lend a helping hand,
And I am yours, *hereafter*, to command.

Moral.

Silly old Wretch, who living art oppreſt,
Yet dar'ſt not venture on Eternal reſt.

Upon the Death of Edward Story, Esq; *Master of the* Pond, *and Principal of* Bernards-Inn.

LET all that read these Lines in Tears be (drown'd,
Since *Story*'s dead, the Master of the *Pond*;
What idle Tales fantastick Poets feign
About God *Neptune*, and his stormy Main,
That his Dominion's great, 'tis no such matter,
What great Command can there be over Water?
To *Story*'s power 'twere Non-sence to compare it,
For he was Master of a *Pond* of *Claret*:
And he this Scarlet *Sea*, like *Moses*, --- did
To all his Club of *Israelites* divide:
And when too late at night some came in doz'd,
The *Pond* o'er them, as o'er th' *Egyptians* clos'd.
This *Pond* was *Helicon*, where *Story* sate
Like mighty *Phœbus*, in his Chair of State:
His Tongue made Musick like *Apollo*'s Lyre,
Which when he us'd, he silenc'd, all the Quire;
He had his Muses too, but more than Nine,
Besides, they're of the Gender Masculine:

Of

Of different Subjects every Muſe did ſing, (bring.
Which they from *Johns*, or *Grays-Inn* Walks did
Some Foreign Matters ſang, another Muſe,
In humble Stile, ſang of Domeſtick News;
Some ſang of bloody Plots againſt the Throne
And Government; another ſang of none;
Till by ſome ſign his pleaſure was expreſt,
Then all were quiet while he told a Jeſt.

And as this witty Club he kept in awe,
He headed too, a Body of the Law;
Yet for all that, as skilful as he was,
Death brought his *Action* without ſhewing *Cauſe*.
And ran him to the *Utlary* with ſuch ſpeed,
He had not time enough to ſuperſede.
With all Mankind *Death* muſt his *Intereſt* clear,
But to call in the *Principle's* ſovere.

Upon

Upon the Memory of Mr. John Sprat, *late Steward of* Grayes-Inn.

CAN any man in reaſon think it fit
That Death ſhould eat a *Steward* at a Bit?
And in *one long Vacation* ſhould devour,
What, in all Conſcience, might have ſerv'd for *four*?
Had it been *Term-time* he'd have taken courſe
To have repell'd both him and all his Force.
Villainous Death! he would have plac'd a Chop
With every Dart that thou haſt in thy Shop:
Thou durſt not then attempt him (meager Glutton)
When he and's men were arm'd with *Beef* & *Mutton*;
Thou wert afraid to nibble at *John Sprat*
While *Barrel-Cod* and *Whitings* were in date,
His Voice disbanded thee, and all thy Troop,
When gracefully he gave the word, *Serve up*.
Twas cowardly to take him, when *Raw Fruits*,
When *Turneps*, *Cucumbers*, and *Cabbedge Roots*
Had chill'd his Blood: he had defi'd being ſick,
Had he ſurviv'd the time they call *Tres Mich'*.

But

But why had not thy hungry Maw been eas'd,
If *Tosborough* or *Taylor* thou hadst seiz'd;
Those *single parts* of *Middle-piece* and *Rump*,
Insatiate thou! to fall upon the *Chump*.
Since *busie Sprat* (our Lives Trustee) is dead,
The *Bottled* Joyes of *Norfolk* too are fled:
The *Thetford-Ale*, which won the hearts of Youth,
And made them chant his praise with open mouth:
Whom afterwards he'd greet in friendly sort,
Your Chamber, Sir, I think's in Coney Court.
When will't be opportune---- to bring my Bill?
D'slife, ne'r talk of that man; when you will.
Then he (good man) who alwayes knew his time,
To Chamber-door would in the Morning climb.

Now trusty *Sprat* is gone, there will not come
So Generous a Steward in his Room:
He would in *younger Brothers* still confide:
Whose Parents do in Foreign Lands reside:
He entertain'd them well; yet did not know
Whether their Friends were living there or no.
They scorn'd to come as *Commoners* to eat,
But took it as the *Noble Steward's Treat.*

Ah,

Ah cruel Hag! (though Muſe be out of breath,
Yet ſee! ſhe'l have one parting-blow at Death)
Were there not equal Standers of the Hall,
That thou didſt call *Sprat* in a *private Call?*
And, which is worſe, by Tyrannous permiſſion,
He did go out before he did *petition.*
Some Preſidents 'tis likely we ſhall find
Upon the Roll of *Commons* left behind;
Which his *ſurviving* Friends (without a *Bribe*,
It is believ'd) are willing to tranſcribe:
Therefore 'tis hop'd (leſt *Youth* ſhould be perplext)
That his *Executors* may *Go out* next.

His Epitaph.

BEneath this Stone, Reader, there lieth flat
Upon his Back the truſty *Steward Sprat:*
Diſturb him not, for if he chance to ſtir,
He'll ſay, *When ſhall I wait upon you, Sir?*

FINIS.